More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.

King. No place indeed ſhould murder ſanctuarize,
Revenge ſhould have no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this? keep cloſe within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd ſhall know you are come home,
Wee'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the ſame
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager ore your heads; he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foiles, ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A ſword unbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will doe't;
And for the purpoſe Ile annoint my ſword:
I bought an unction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare
Collected from all Simples that have vertue
Under the Moone, can ſave the thing from death
That is but ſcratcht withall; Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſleightly it may be death.

King. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conveiance both of time and meanes
May fit us to our ſhape if this ſhould faile,
And that our drift look through our bad performance
'Twere better not aſſay'd. Therefore this project
Should have a backe or ſecond, that might hold
If this did blaſt in proofe: ſoft, let me ſee,
Wee'll make a ſolemne wager on your cunnings,
I hav't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile have prefer'd him
A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd tucke,
Our purpoſe may hold there. But ſtay, what noiſe?

Enter

Ent

Quee. One woe doth t
So faſt they follow: your
Laer. Drown'd! O w
Quee. There is a willo
That ſhewes his hoarie l
Therewith fantaſticke g
Of Crow-flowers, Nettl
That liberall ſhepheards
But our culcold maids d
There on the pendant b
Clambring to hang, an e
When downe her weed
Fell in the weeping bro
And Mermaid-like a w
Which time ſhe chante
As one incapable of he
Or like a creature nativ
Unto that element, bu
Till that her garments
Puld the poore wench
To muddy death.

Laer. Alaſſe then is
Quee. Drown'd, dr
Laer. Too much of
And therefore I forbi
It is our tricke, natur
Let ſhame ſay what it
The woman will be o
I have a ſpeech afire t
But that this folly dro
King. Let's follow
How much I had to d
Now feare I this will
Therefore let's follow

Clow. Is ſhe to be
ly ſeekes her owne ſ

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22279) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (